



Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOL. VII.

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UNITY'S FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

UNITY, on this day aged three, begs leave to make three announcements, state one opinion, and express six hopes.

OUR THREE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1. THE COLEGROVE BOOK Co.—Some friends of UNITY have formed this company on the basis of a book trade, already well established at the book store of F. H. Head & Co., 40 Madison street. This new company hopes to commend itself to the Unitarians and other religious liberals of the West as *their* book firm. The Western Unitarian Conference, Western Unitarian S. S. Society, and the Woman's Liberal Union hope to find office room in, or adjoining this store, thus making it the headquarters of those interests UNITY has most at heart. This company becomes henceforth the business managers of UNITY, thereby giving a solid financial backing to our paper. It, on the other hand, using UNITY as its organ of communication with the book buyers and readers of the West.

2. THE LITTLE UNITY.—The Publishing Committee, in common with UNITY readers, have doubtless felt the need of a child end, a home side to our UNITY. Having now secured a pocket-book, and being three years old, we now undertake to meet this need and are going to set up

a little sister to follow in UNITY's footsteps. This sister will be named "The Little Unity." She will be the *child-end*, or rather the *parent-and-child-end* of the bigger and graver UNITY. She will begin to be on April 1, 1881; will appear, in company with her older sister, every fortnight; will be four pages of the UNITY size; and for the first eleven months (this period at first, in order to even the years beyond,) will cost fifty cents for a single copy, or thirty-five cents when subscribed for in connection with UNITY, or when ordered in dozens by Sunday schools, etc. Her motto will be: "Tender, Trusty and True." The first page, "What to See," will be dedicated to the Nature side of religion, and will be in charge of Miss Cora H. Clarke, daughter of James Freeman Clarke. The second page, "What to Do," on the Conduct side of religion, will be in charge of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells and Miss Harriet S. Tolman. The third page, called "The Sunday School," will be edited by W. C. Gannett and J. Ll. Jones, and will contain a series of Sunday school lessons and hints to Sunday school workers. And the fourth will be partly on "What to Read," and in charge of the "Ladies' Commission on Sunday school books."

3. UNITY FOR 1881-2.—We have concluded to incorporate our covers in our paper and offer you a 20-page paper instead of 16, and we hope, with our new dress and new printer, to greet you fortnightly with a more acceptable page. But we must still ask such forbearance on this score as may be given to an improving missionary. UNITY has been, and is still to be the thing extra in hands already busy. It depends on widely separated co-operators, and on an editor whose labor, freely given, is what the saved fragments of a fortnight allow. The editorial management of the paper is in no way affected by the arrangement with the Colegrove Book Company. The publishing committee, it is hoped, will now become the editorial committee to aid the editor in the editorial departments. While working with the heartiest mutual understanding and good will, yet each will speak for himself. All contributions, not written by the editor, will be acknowledged by the writer over his initials or otherwise. There will be no

essential change in our plans and none in our aims, and we trust, no flagging in our energy. In the course of the spring we hope to begin a series of articles on The Art of Arts,—Home-Making, with topics somewhat as follows, possibly giving a man's and a woman's view on each topic. Each article not to be more than one page in length:

1. Wooing and Wedding.
2. House Owning.
3. The Bed and Bath Rooms, or Home Hygiene.
4. The Kitchen and Dining Rooms, or Home Dietetics.
5. The Sitting Room.
6. The Nursery.
7. The Guest Chamber.
8. The Garret.
9. The Study.
10. The House Beautiful.
11. The Home Altar.

OUR OPINION.

UNITY'S OPINION is that it has come to stay; that it has weathered its hardest storms, and may now fairly feel itself established in the needs and likings of its subscribers; that it is so great a convenience and help to the Western liberal work that, were it now to vanish from the field, a substitute would at once be called for to take its place. It regards the forming of the "Colegrove Book Company" and the starting of "The Little Unity" as steps that turn its *hope* of lasting usefulness almost into a *certainty*. To all the friends who with money and other encouragement have thus far helped it on the way, it now would give its heartiest thanks; and it asks congratulations from them. And yet it is by no means beyond the need of help; its future depends wholly on the continued interest of friends. And, therefore—

OUR SIX HOPES

Are, (1) That all our old subscribers will renew subscription for the coming year, and make the renewal known by name and money promptly sent. "Love me, and tell me so, sometimes," is the kind of love that a paper, like a woman, craves. The price is \$1.50 a year, with no more club rates. (2) That these old-new subscribers to UNITY will subscribe for "The Little Unity," besides,—35 cents additional to them. (3) That they will interest themselves to show the papers, and to send us the names of one or two or three new subscribers to one or both of them; and to send us five or six addresses of friends likely to take the papers if we should send them for two months on trial. We shall be glad to do so, if you will take the pains to notify your friends of our intended visit and the reason of it. (4) That our subscribers, when ordering books, will remember that the Colegrove Book Company, 40 Madison

street, Chicago, stands ready to attend to all such business for them. (5) *This specially to merchants and business men generally*, who think our kind of circulation in the West may prove a profitable medium of advertisement. That they will make their thought a deed, and help in that way. (6) *This specially to ministers*,—that our minister friends will have, some time in March, a *Unity Sunday*, on which they will speak, perhaps, on some one of the many aspects of our grand watchword, "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion" and the missionary interests they represent, and in connection with their sermon will ask their people to take our paper as the preacher-in-type of that sort of religion in the West, taking steps to follow this service with an active canvass of the parish in this interest. We will send to any friend, upon request, fifty, one hundred, two hundred circulars with detachable subscription blank, to be placed in the pews on such a Sunday, or to be otherwise distributed. For the Publishing Committee,

W. C. GANNETT,
J. L. JONES.

NOTES.

UNITY agrees with J. Vila Blake in saying that "more blind and more hopeless than harnessed conservatism or fettered radicalism is that utter unearnestness of soul which feels no high impulse and sees no great things anywhere."

A prominent preacher recently argued the intelligence of a large congregation because "not a man left during the discourse although he presumed on their patience an hour and ten minutes." This may only prove the *endurance* of the audience and the *long* intelligence of the preacher.

After the recent burning of the Baptist Church on Michigan Avenue, the congregation introduced the resolutions passed with a: "Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to destroy our church building by an incendiary," etc., etc. There is something wrong about God, or else the church folks are not quite right about it.

A revolt against the episcopacy has recently occurred in the Methodist Church at New Orleans. A favorite pastor being transferred at the end of two years against the wishes of his parish, his successor found next Sunday morning the church doors doubly nailed against him, the steps carried away, and a portion of the floor of the auditorium torn up. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* is shocked at this "shameful revolution," but leniently calls it "the absence of Christian dignity," which he fears in the minds of some "will count as the lack of morality." We confess the distinction is ingeniously drawn, neighbor, but we fail to see it.

Prof. Swing, in a recent sermon, said, "The one alarming element in religion is the truth that our universe is one of rewards and punishments." To us the alarm comes in the thought of living in an universe put together on any other plan.

In the same sermon he says, "We dare not *stain* a *happy* immortality with the presence of the wicked. * * Assume a second world, and we are bound to assume a separation of the two hosts that cross the flood." We can hardly conceive of the genial Professor as being happy in such a stainless heaven while thinking of the "millions"—this is his numeral—he has banished. At least we like better the piety of Fedalma, George Eliot's Spanish Gipsy, who said:

"I will not take a heaven
Haunted by the shrieks of misery.
I can never shrink
Back into bliss—my heart has grown too big
With things that might be."

New clothes seem to be the fashion among our exchanges. Now it is the *Friend's Intelligencer*, the venerable organ of the Friends. It enters upon its 38th volume with new type, and we should judge with an editorial conscience remarkably free from the three great sins that do so beset the editorial mind of to-day, viz:—Exaggeration, Equivocation and Hesitation.

THE other day the Charleston (Mass.) Cadets, while on an excursion to New Orleans, visited Greenwood cemetery, formed before the monument erected in recognition of Southern heroism, presented arms, placed a floral peace offering on the monument of Gen. Lee while they sang "Nearer my God to Thee" and "The Sweet Bye and Bye." Gen. Sherman, our great Field Marshal of the last war, has assigned Gen. C. H. Field, formerly of the confederate army, to the command of one of the divisions in the inaugural procession that is to take place in Washington this week. UNITY rejoices in these recognitions of brotherhood. Bravery is the common property of savage and civilized, but magnanimity is the exclusive possession of lofty souls.

On the 26th ult. Rev. John F. W. Ware, pastor of Arlington street church, Boston, passed beyond the veil, in the sixty-second year of his age. Mr. Ware was widely known and honored, not only for the name he bore, which he inherited from a saintly ancestry, but for his own sterling qualities. For several years he was settled at Baltimore, where his name is inseparably connected with all that told for patriotism and justice to the colored race in that city during the dark days of the war. In latter years he was chosen to be the successor of Channing and Gannett in the above church. Mr. Ware has been the most successful tractarian of ethical Unitarianism. His series of tracts, published by the A. U. A., contains what is

probably the best popular presentation of practical Unitarianism in print. In his little book on "Home Life," is found embalmed much of the saintly spirit of his foster mother, the holy Mary L. Ware.

SINCERITY.

"The John the Baptist of the Liberal Faith" is the favorite title ascribed to Thomas Carlyle since his death, but we prefer the title given him by Edwin Mead in a recent number of *The Free Religious Index*, "The Prophet of Sincerity." Carlyle made sincerity the key to all spiritual power. With his Titanic sentences he discovered the undying power of the psalms of David, of the poetry of Burns and the stories of Scott in their sincerity. "Sincerity," he says, "is the most precious of all a man's possessions. Let him communicate his earnest thoughts or be forever silent. Better honest atheism than a life of dilettanteism." And is he not right? Salvation in its root is related to salt, and sincerity is that salt which has not lost its savor and which will never be trodden under the foot of men. Not the wooden beads and the prayers almost as wooden, but the sincerity that the poor devotee puts into them saves her from petulance and discouragement. Naught that the priest in the box can do, but the sincere contrition that dictates the wayward girl's confession, lifts the load from her heart. In that ministration of sincerity God kisses his child and she is strengthened. Not the awful points of Calvinism, luckless children of superstition and dyspepsia, but the sublime sincerity with which they were held by our puritan fore-fathers, made of these fore-fathers the salt that purified England, and put the flavor of virtue into the raw passionate life of a new continent. Out of the sincerity of the French revolution came its benediction of progress. Everywhere, as the name implies, this is the waxless honey that loses not its sweetness. The Pope is the Vicegerent of God on earth to countless thousands until he becomes a diplomat, then he is the greatest devil on earth, because the sublimity of his pretensions measures the enormity of his insincerity. The confessional and the communion table are blessed means of salvation until those who use them begin to smile and wink at them, then they become a snare and a blight. The pulpit is the most exalted position occupied by man; greater than kings or belted knights is the preacher, so long as he is the chosen chalice that holds *sincere* honey—that which is strained from all the dregs of compromise and expediency; but when he begins to put padlocks on his lips, defers his inspiration, postpones his explanations until people are more ready for them, then is he dead lumber, loading down the car of progress, and his church become the indolent home of complacency instead of the

rallying ground for advanced souls. "The unleavened bread of sincerity," as Paul puts it, is the true passover. It brings the salvation of inward peace and outward helpfulness.

WHEN WILL THE CHURCHES BEGIN TO MOVE?

Hard on the heels of Mr. Miln, who left a prominent Congregational church in Brooklyn a short time since to take up the work of Unity Pulpit in this city, followed Rev. Mr. Pierson, out of a large church in Somerville, Mass. And now Rev. T. R. Slicer steps from the Park Congregational church of Brooklyn and is being heard in the leading Unitarian and Universalist churches of Boston and New York. These three prominent apostates are the file leaders of quite a line of lesser lights who within the last three months have turned their backs on orthodox organizations to look wistfully for heretical fields of labor. As a rule, these ministers expect to find, what their talents deserve, congenial societies already organized in either the Unitarian or Universalist denominations. They are ready to occupy pulpits already established, and to direct churches already competent to pay salaries commensurate with those they leave behind them. It is obvious that this cannot always be realized. Non-orthodox societies imply a large amount of obscure, patient, illy appreciated and illy paid service on the part of the teachers of an unpopular truth, and there are not enough of the well established to pass around among all the brilliant men who have left, or are about to leave, the popular pulpits. These men must begin to pay the heroic price of freedom, to accept the hardships and obscurities of these upon whose shoulders they have climbed to catch the broader view. They must turn to and make new societies, or undertake the still more difficult work of bringing their societies with them. This cannot be done until the minister in his *study*, and the minister in his *pulpit*, will be united and the full conviction finds full expression in the sermon. Instead of keeping silence upon the mooted questions in theology; the liberal preacher in orthodox pulpits must accept the onerous task which Ballou, Channing, Parker, Chapin, James Freeman Clarke and their associates accepted, becoming leaders and not followers of the pews. The American laity is not cowardly, nor is it slow to listen to new things. If it is non-progressive and unliberal, it is because the preachers have dealt with progress and liberalism as sentiments of the heart rather than as solid conclusions of the head. They have dealt with them as the fruits of good nature rather than of good logic. Not "how long can I endure these creed-fetters," but "how soon can I release my hearers from them?" must become the

question of the living man once he finds himself outside the creed-thought. Mr. Slicer, in his farewell sermon, denied that he had "undergone any change of views." He did not leave the church "because he was in doubt." He said:

"I have never preached to you a sermon on the trinity, the essential deity of the Son of God, vicarious atonement, total depravity or endless torment. The purpose of preaching is to save men; salvation is moral health, and it seemed to me it could never be obtained by teaching the unnatural principles considered in any of these doctrinal statements."

The demands of truth are not satisfied by simply omitting to state a falsehood. Truth is militant and opposes falsehood. If the above named doctrines are "unnatural principles" in the mind of the preacher, he owes it to his listeners who believe in them to *expose* them, not simply to *omit* them in the pulpit. In the same sermon Mr. Slicer has a slighting word for a "young liberalism," an "adventurous iconoclasm," that is "beset by the nightmare of biblical criticism." Can he estimate how much of his present faith he owes to this very biblical criticism against which he prejudiced the minds of his hearers? Does he remember that it is the only antidote for biblical superstition; that the most constructively religious scholarship has been stung with similar taunts? From Grotius to Robertson-Smith has this sentimental sneer been flung at those who patiently seek for foundations, such as will last.

Sixty years ago the orthodox pulpit of New England was characterized with a stalwart integrity that made its protest against the errors of the creed in the creed's pulpit, and the result was a land-slide of churches towards Unitarianism. Similar frankness to-day would bring similar results. The churches would then come with the ministers. Not, indeed, without something of the bitterness and conflict also, but better agitation than stagnation, better fight than blight. Brethren, tell the people all you know, bring them along with you. If Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion is to you an all-sufficient flag, run it up where you are. Start a recruiting station of your own, and you will be surprised to find how rapidly the recruits will gather.

AN OLD-TIME PROPHET.—"Thomas Carlyle was almost the only living Englishman to whom pilgrimages were made. He was the only living Englishman to whom great men could apply the term Master without affectation. He made something better than an art critic of Mr. Ruskin. He opened the regions of poetic mysticism to Professor Tyndall. For nearly the whole of his life he lived simply, as near the model of an ideal prophet as this century could realize. Some men could not read him, but the loss was theirs. Nobody ever read him with insight and sympathy whose thoughts were not revolutionized, deepened and elevated by the study."—*The Unitarian Herald*.

Contributed Articles.

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J. V. BLAKE.

Sing—a voice within me spake,
Sing a song whate'er it be;
Do not try to make it great,
Only to utter thee.

Let it be four stanzas long;
Care not what it sing or say—
Only that a brimming song
May live and die to-day.

Let the first line breathe a name,
And the next repeat the same;
Let the third an echo wait—
It cometh soon or late.

Let one line a voice recite
Softly answering to my own—
One dear voice. 'Tis finished quite;
Be still—my song is flown.

Jan. 6th, 1879.

MY SONG AND MY SOUL.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

My song and my soul are one, to-day;
To-morrow, my song is flown;
Or out of its reach, if it should stay,
My pressing soul has grown.

Then where,—in the air, or on the earth,
Shall I find my bird or flower?
And what is its word, or what its worth
Beyond the passing hour?

'Tis not for its fragile, fairy form
I tenderly love my song;
An olive is borne far o'er the storm
Whose flood beats wild and strong.

I wait for the sign to reach my hand,
And quiet my restless heart;
I list for a voice at whose command
These depths shall draw apart.

Feb. 2d, 1881.

TOLERANCE—ITS PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS.

BY PROF. C. A. EGGART.

The modern virtue of tolerance was called forth and developed by the advance of philosophical thought, which, in its turn, was the result of important scientific and other discoveries. The principal champions and most successful advocates of tolerance have always been what the world calls "freethinkers," such as Hume, Voltaire, and Lessing. Conservative believers have at all times looked at first upon tolerance as a weakness more or less execrable. Many never learned to believe in tolerance as a virtue, but accepted it merely

as a policy. "True tolerance," says Goethe, "must lead to the recognition of that which is meritorious in another's belief, to appreciation." The foundation of all tolerance must always be the recognition of the fact that each one believes what has been taught him by those he loves and respects most. We know that the most ridiculous nonsense has, at one time or another, been believed by men the most eminent. Entire nations of a high grade of civilization, have for centuries entertained beliefs than which, as we now know, nothing could have been more absurd. At this day the majority of Christians, among them men of admirable scholarship, ingenuity and sagacity, believe what a large minority regard as absolute folly. Each side can justly say, "Why should I refuse to believe what so many eminent men have believed before me; what so many even more distinguished men believe at this very day? Can my individual reason claim the right to reject what the intelligence of so many of the wisest and best has examined, tested, and finally accepted as certain?" Buddhist and Mahometan, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Dissenter, use the same argument, and why should they not? What other test can there be in matters of belief, in matters that come to us from the past, traditions of one kind or another? The orthodox believes that Christ expelled evil spirits from the body of men, that he changed water into wine, and visibly ascended into heaven. The Buddhist thinks he can match these miracles by even greater ones in his own religion, and the Mahometan looks with pity on both, firmly believing that no other religion can compare with his in miraculous proofs of its divine origin. And if the liberal thinker ask them on what they ground their faith apparently so firm, the only answer is "We believe it because our ancestors, among them the noblest and wisest of mankind, have believed it; because we were taught so by those dearest to us and most respected by us, our teachers and our parents?" From this it follows that the circumstances of birth, parentage, nationality and early association determine the matter of belief, and that the most devout protestant might have been just as devout a catholic, with implicit faith in the spiritual infallibility of the holy father, the transferable value of the good works of the saints, the necessity of auricular confessions and of special services for the souls of the dead. And the same protestant, if his parents had been students of science and of the philosophy born of science, would just as certainly have rejected miracles, the Divinity of Christ and justification by faith, as he, being a protestant, rejects any and all the special dogmas of the catholic church. The same, of course, would be true in all other cases, with the Buddhist as well as the Christian, the Jew and the Gentile, the Liberal and the Orthodox.

Hence, the natural inference that, inasmuch as God created this universe and the variety of men therein, and as He made men to reverence and love those who are nearest and dearest to them, it is of no particular consequence what a man believes in matters of theology, provided only he thoroughly believes in the laws of his human nature, and seriously endeavors to develop in himself those traits that distinguish him from the rest of created beings known to him. If he persist in doing so he can hardly fail finally to behold in Jesus the most perfect type of manhood, to strive after him and, in fact, to be a true follower of him. The pure, noble, elevated humanity of Jesus is demonstrable; the miraculous element about him is a matter of belief only, and hence of no consequence whatever as far as the great, mass of humanity is concerned. Dogmas must be believed, for they have no reason in themselves; facts like the grand and beautiful life of Jesus need only to be studied and known in order to compel assent from all.

Character is vitalized truth.—G. S. Morris.

The true artist is at once nature's critic and interpreter.
—G. S. Morris.

THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF ENGLAND
OUT OF THE PULPIT.

IX.

THE RELIGION OF GEORGE ELIOT'S
WRITINGS.

HARRIET S. TOLMAN.

We approach our subject with awe, reverence, hesitation. With awe we speak of one who has so recently entered into the unknown Beyond of life, who may have now solved so many of her own problems and of ours, who is dignified by this great reserve of mystery. It is with reverence that we go to her marvellous mind as she has exerted it within our sight, and bring our comprehension to bear upon her comprehensiveness. And with hesitation we attempt to analyze that which has shown itself so powerful, and undertake to question the generous gifts which we have received.

We are not intending at this time to consider in review all that George Eliot has given us, nor to express our thanks for the hours of pleasure which we owe to her, with their pictures of humanity, making diverse men and women stand up before us as if in the flesh,—with their descriptions of nature, enfolding us with the influence of the scene itself,—with their phrases of wit and wisdom, precious coins of thought added to our treasures of compact knowledge. We do not attempt now to recount our great indebtedness of enlarged views of life, making us conscious of growth while we read,—of broadened sympathies, developing the world into a fuller, more interesting region,—of keener insight, making us understand ourselves and our neighbors better, giving added fear and resolution to meet the fateful *ego* of our own beings, and more discriminating pity of esteem for the struggles of other's lives. It would need a long recital to include all the praise and gratitude which we owe to George Eliot.

But one question now is, What is the religious impulse which has come to us from her? And we make it with all the more hesitation because of the new awe which surrounds our thought of her, and because of this reverence and gratitude and admiration in which we have so long held her.

Let us take the simple creed that religion is love to God and love to man, and see how the writings of George Eliot range themselves under it.

Here is surely love to man, and in rich, free utterance; in that full embodiment which is greatest benevolence, the absolute sympathy of appreciation. Who more than she understands the great dignity of humanity, the tender interest of narrow lives, the subtle kinship that binds all the world? To her, each individual soul is worthy, each separate life is of importance. Under her touch, humble lives expand into heroic proportion, and insignificant lives blossom with the hues of discovered romance. How petty seem our limited friendships, our cold intercourse, our unsympathetic dealings, beside the appreciation of this large-hearted woman with her noble understanding of greatness, and her tender affection for lowliness,—with her knowledge of how strength grows through trial, and how frailty struggles with temptation! Surely this is "love to man;" and

this reverence for humanity makes us bow before a great teacher, acknowledging here one who is an interpreter of the religious spirit between man and man,—an expounder of the exalted realities and possibilities of the human race.

Not only are we thus impressed with new honor for our brotherhood, when reading the works of George Eliot, but we are also inspired to embody this in truer deeds. She impels us to broader interests, more magnanimous aims; to do and suffer for others, to live so that our influence and help may reach out into our circle of being, and seem to be the supremely fit purpose of existence. Generally we more or less vaguely feel it is the object to strive for; she makes it the immortality of her aspiration. This motive finds a direct channel in her poem:—

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

* * * * *

So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

One does not need, however, to go to such personal expression in order to be sure of the impulse of George Eliot in this respect; it is the key note of all of her novels. Appreciation of humanity is the guide to all her marvelous revelations; effort towards human growth is the vivifying force under her wonderful portrayals. We leave her books, elevated by nobler and tenderer conceptions of our race, animated by keener desires to make our own lives worthy and out-reaching.

George Eliot herself, truly exhibits one of the most difficult forms of this reverence for all humanity; and we may learn from her that hard lesson of relationship—toleration. It is with amazement that we see how uniformly she illustrates this. She seems to be absolutely just to her characters; they are themselves, and she does not tell us which ones to like the best. In the matter of religious toleration, how unprejudiced she appears! Is she a Methodist, a Dissenter, a Churchman, a Jew? We are inclined to answer each question in the affirmative, according to which of her stories we are reading, so well does she represent each sect in its turn. Her delineations are not merely coldly unbiased, they are animated by that warmth of understanding which sees and comprehends the good in each, and the need for it.

This is one of the finest, deepest phases of veneration for humanity,—this insight and generosity which can justly value that which is holy and necessary to another soul, even when not vital, nor even significant to ourself. The mind must be very broad and very sympathetic which can thus reverence and interpret ideals at variance with its own. Few of us are so great that we have this lesson fully learned.

Thus in many ways, and to full extent, does George Eliot display the "love to man." Her name must surely be inscribed upon that book of gold which the angel showed to Abou Ben Adhem; and we can sit at her feet to learn this "religion of humanity."

Again, religion is also "love to God." Can we say what that truly is? Can we measure the love which dwells in spiritual life, and define that God who draws our aspiration? Each soul must enter alone into its Holy of Holies. Nevertheless, this spiritual life modifies our understanding of every day, material life, colors our interpretations of the succession of its events, gives character to our ideals and hopes. We recognize and express the effects of that inner religion; by its fruits we know this "love of God."

And here we must ask if, in bestowing so much, does George Eliot give us everything; if, seeing so deeply into life, portraying it so broadly, penetrating it so keenly, does she interpret its best to us? Is her complete influence of the highest? Are we healthier, more courageous, more hopeful for reading her books? It is such questions as these that we are forced to ask when we take into consideration the religion of George Eliot's writings.

One fruit of true religion is happiness. Does George Eliot make us see life in a happy light, or in a hopeful light? It takes strength, greatness of comprehension to battle with the problems of life, to look unflinchingly at its misery, its doubts, its failures. It takes more strength, more insight to realize that the misery is development, that the doubts are fore-runners of beliefs, that the failures are not final. In a great measure George Eliot does all of this, and the trials of life attain new meaning under her portrayal. But where does she put her emphasis? Do we not leave her with a stronger feeling of the hardness of the battle, than of the serenity of victorious strength? At the end of reading her books we are "sadder, but wiser." Cannot one be wiser and more cheerful? It seems as if a religious wisdom ought to give some gladness of serenity, as if the great mind should not be fundamentally sad,—will not be when it is accompanied by a spiritual element. The noblest heroism is not stoicism; the truest light is idealistic as well as realistic.

Does George Eliot give the same attention to the good in the world which she does to its evils? She shows us that with keen, firm portrayal; forces us to recognize the infinite influence of pettiness, the persistence of cause and effect in developing hair's breadth failings; makes us look squarely at tendencies which we fain would not acknowledge; shows us the tragedies of soul-life, the intangible woes, the immaterial conflicts of internal existence; exposes the subtle agencies which we sometimes blindly sum up as fate or temperament. She is the historian of soul-dramas of life-battles. All that she tells us we know to be true. We have seen all this in life, or realized it, or recognized, or suspected it, as we were able. But is this all of the truth? She herself says through one of her characters: "The very truth hath a color from the disposition of the utterer;" and does she not paint life's truths in the colors of sadness? To be sure she shows us happiness too, serene lives and victorious conflicts; but the pictures are not so clearly drawn, so vividly colored. They are hints, not powerful delineations, in most cases. They are the relief of the composition, not its substance. She tells us in how many ways lives are spoiled; and she shows also how they are refined by the fiery furnace; but not often so as to make it realizable as a definite hope and encouragement.

The world needs to be strengthened by great prophets of good, quite as much as to be enlightened by great seers of evil. George Eliot is the apostle of the suffering of this world. We feel our hearts transfixed before her, are appalled by her knowledge. How is it that she has this grammar of pain so within her control, that she has penetrated into the secrets of our agonies, the long endurance of our patience, the struggle of our achievement? She knows that life is hard. We knew it before; but we lay down her story with a new ache in our hearts. We want her to tell us that underlying all is happiness and not misery. This she does not do. No, she does not give us the happiness of religion, of the faith which goes beyond sight.

And hope is also one fruit of religion. Does George Eliot give us that? Hope is the spring of growth. Does George Eliot's course embody it? Rather, are not her writings a tragical illustration of its lack? She penetrates into the laws of life as shown in the events of living. With scientific keenness and precision she analyzes the data of life, and arrives at a knowledge of the interchanging relations of humanity, of the forces moulding motives and acts, the unrelenting development of character, the fixed laws of the moral universe. But these are fearful when taken by themselves. Life, as interpreted by them alone, is full of sad significance, of terrible realization. The soul must look beyond them,—must have other sustenance than that which the sight of the mind can supply, if it would not be weighed down by despair, would not be clogged by material finality. It must have the hope which comes from an inward faith,—from an acceptance of the inexplicable, a belief in the undemonstrable, a trust in some overruling, unaccountable essence of good, of compensation, whose laws are not yet expounded.

This hope is the source of fresh life, of cheerful feeling. It is the secret of intellectual as well as spiritual growth. No perfect art can rest upon matter alone, nor live solely by scientific laws for its development, and philosophic reasoning for its inspiration; it must be fed by intuitive perceptions and immaterial enthusiasms.

George Eliot's works do not show this hope nor this growth. From a literary point of view they lack progress; the later ones are not so artistic in conception nor execution as the earlier ones. We cannot dwell upon this now, this witness of her own creation, to the effect of her own scheme of life; but there is one phase of it which touches us more nearly—her descriptions of nature. They are more tender and glowing, just as her descriptions of human incidents are more genial, in the first books than in the last ones. The very material world seems to have lost its sunshine for her; there is finally none of the buoyancy which sees blessing lighting up corn-ricks and pasture-levels, and feels it thrilling through breezes and woody fragrance.

Something of that religion which we call "love to God" is surely lacking here, or it would give us sweeter fruits. We do not ask to have it expressed under our names; but we do want to know the courage of its strength, to see the radiance of its light, to feel a throb of its devotion; and these seem to have been growing less in the influence of George Eliot's books as the years have brought them to us one after another.

Yet we find a great deal of religion in her writings. Take Adam Bede, one of the earliest, and one of the

most satisfactory of her novels. She does justice there to the religion of the simple Methodists, until one at times might almost believe her to be one of them; but so she does also to their country manners, and to the repressed expression of Adam Bede's dog. This many-sided justice is the work of her genius of comprehension; a genius which to be great—and hers is great—must be universal. She does not necessarily give us of herself in this religious phase any more than in any other feature of her portrayal. She is too great a master of the art of representation to put herself specially into any one set of details. Her real influence, an insight of her individual thought, must come from the sum of her writings,—from the impression of her books as a whole, and taken in sequence,—from her delineations of life in their entirety, as she seems to us to understand it. No one or two, or many expressions of such a great novelist as George Eliot, can give us her religion, nor can present the religious effect of her writings. We must look to her after-impression upon us for that; we must question her influence upon our full sense of life in its broadest and highest relations. What do we owe to her of that trust which gives patience, that inspiration which gives energy, that hope which gives cheer, that aspiration which gives enthusiasm, that confidence which gives peace? These are the things which constitute the religious life emanating from "love of God." How much of these does George Eliot's representation of the sum of life put into our individual conception of it?

That she does give us very much in individual characters, in noble maxims, we all gratefully acknowledge; whether her whole influence is specially in this direction, each soul must decide for itself. And in doing so, we still do not measure the religion of George Eliot; that comprehensive mind had depths and heights yet unrecorded for us. Let us broadly and reverently concede that we cannot enter into its Holy of Holies. And where we do see, and may understand, in her grand portrayals of life, her thoughtful studies of character, let us remember that religion is both love to God and love to man.

RELIGION IN BY-WAYS OF THE WORLD.

EL SENOR DE LA PORTERIA.

H. M. E.

Our arrieros and peons, swearing by all the saints, vowed that they would not budge a foot farther, and picketing the mules near the door of the tambo, they set about preparing the evening meal. It was a dreary place—a desolate, arid valley, wrapped in the sombre evening twilight. There was no human habitation to be seen but the ruined tambo; no living creature but a condor circling on motionless wings above the ghastly white glacier beyond the mountain pass. From the pass a slender trail wound along the side of the cliff; at the foot of the cliff the lake slumbered in a black shadow; in the distance a solitary peak thrust up its shoulder into a clear sky, with the snow-field upon its brow shining in the last rays of the sunset.

It was later in the night, when the arrieros and peons had crawled into the filthy tambo and were sleeping the

sleep of the just, and a full moon was coming up beyond the glacier, that we became aware of a party coming down the trail towards the valley. We could see that four Indians carried upon a litter some object wrapped in dirty white linen; and as the party drew near, we discovered that it was a band of Augustin friars, with attendants, somewhat belated, and bound for the village we had left in the afternoon. They came down the winding way, a ghostly procession—with a little tinkling bell, a tawdry little banner, and a little cross that sparkled in the moonlight. When they came to the door of the hovel near which we were sitting, the Indians placed their burden upon the ground, and a friar, with his clerical gown tucked up about his clerical knees, saluted us with the sudden and somewhat startling exclamation, "*A little alms for the Mother of God!*" This request, fired at us point blank, in the middle of the night, in a desolate mountain valley of the Andes, was, as we have said, sudden and somewhat startling. Had we been allowed time to get our wits about us, we would have remembered that the flight of the lowly Virgin took place near two thousand years ago; but as it was, we could only wonder inanely what she could be doing in such company, out on the pass at that dead hour. Our conjectures, however, ended where they began, for at that moment our muleteers, coming out from their wretched shelter, and seeing the group about the door, threw themselves upon their knees before the litter, crying out, "*Gracias a Dios y Maria Santissima! El Senor de la Porteria!*"

The object, then, that was wrapped in the dirty linen was El Senor de la Porteria—the Wandering God. It was our good fortune at last to come face to face with that remarkable character. We had heard of him, all up and down the coast, from Ecuador through Peru to Chili, going up and down the land, healing diseases, working miracles, and replenishing the depleted coffers of the Augustine churches; but we had never been so fortunate as to see him until he came upon us with his friars on that midnight,—a ghostly visitation that seemed to drop from the skies, for the trail climbing to the mountain pass now lost itself among the stars. Our arriero, Chencho, the most idle, profane, and drunken vagabond that ever drove a mule up from the coast, committed the last act of vandalism upon the tambo, and smashing a rough wooden frame that had served as a bedstead, he fed the fire, put the soup-kettle on again, and swore with many a pious "*Gracias a Dios y Maria Santissima!*" (*Thanks be to God and the Holy Mary!*) that the Lord and his party should tarry with us for the night.

The cloth being removed from the litter, disclosed simply an uncouth wooden image, tricked out in some little cheap finery, but the sight of it was enough to put our people and the bare-legged Indians upon their knees again. We may remark here, parenthetically, that although the Indians got upon their knees, they kept their eyes upon the soup-kettle. There was much that was grotesque and picturesque in it all, and much upon which the moralist might ponder. The great adjuster of church finances and worker of miracles was but a battered wooden image, and the year was 1869. The scene was a squalid stopping place on a mountain road; the spectators three curious ramblers and a pack of half sav-

age mule drivers. If you should tell this man Chencho that the Senor was a fraud, and that while he might be a success financially he could no more work a miracle than you could, Chencho would curse you for a heretic, and shun you forevermore. If you should tell Chencho that a thousand years ago processions of dusky men, with waving plumes and banners, filed down this same trail, perhaps in the night when the slender thread led away to the stars as it now does, bearing images of gods blazing with yellow gold, Chencho would write you down a liar; or if his fat wits permitted him to understand you, he would tell you that the Spaniards did well in stamping out such abominable idolatry. If you told him that the fathers of the church, in order to bring the Indians within its pale, incorporated many features of the Inca and Seyris religions into their own, and that the Senor was but doing to-day what the gods of the Sun and Moon did centuries ago, Chencho would watch his chance, and get a knife between your ribs before you ever left the valley.

Our arrieros and peons kept the pot boiling, and made a night of it; for it was not often that they could enjoy the society of the friars of San Augustin, or be in the august presence of the Wandering God. If we have said anything derogatory to Senor de la Porteria, we gladly take it back. With the full moon swinging over head, and the fire flashing upon the lake, the friars piled up statistics against us until we had to admit that the Senor had performed miracles in every hamlet from Panama to Patagonia. In the gray dawn the image was wrapped up again upon the litter, and the Wandering God went on down the valley. The clouds had cleared from the mountain and the glacier, as we toiled up the trail, but the condor was no where to be seen. He had left his lofty height to swoop down upon carrion, in the shadow of some frowning precipice.

Correspondence.

THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

DEAR UNITY:—I would like to suggest three or four causes for the "decadence of the lecture courses, once so popular," which F. L. H. discussed in your last.

That the essay and oration *have* been printed and put within reach of the people, may be a great cause, or one, of the decline in public interest. The people are somewhat familiar with the thoughts of these great and eloquent men, and to some extent have made them their own. Emerson, Phillips, Curtis, for instance, have, too, in late years, for different reasons, been obliged to refuse many invitations to the platform.

Anna Dickinson and others—men among them—have put up their prices for tickets to fifty cents, while low prices were still the rule in our athenæums.

Next, and perhaps the most active reason is, that "clubs" have become prevailing institutions, everywhere regarded with favor and exciting much interest. Women's clubs, and men's and women's clubs. And as women have been so long excluded from pulpit and platform (as a rule), both seem to enjoy this equal privilege, interchange and friction of thought; and all become in various degrees teachers as well as listeners.

Whether or not the pulpit or platform was regarded as a coward's castle, the fact remained that very rarely in church connection was there a chance for a general expression of opinion, or a baptism of living fresh thought among laymen; and in the lecture room no opportunity for a question or protest. In the *club* there is both, and what is more appreciated, is that all have a voice as to the topic to be considered. All can read upon it, discuss, embellish it with poesy, and sustain their positions by history and philosophy. In reality it becomes a college and a school; and in time for conversations and questionings, it takes the form that Plato's did when he brought out to worshipful scholars the broad and benignant faith that was growing within him.

In these clubs, in cities, towns and small villages, the republican and co-operative principle so prevails that all are invited, and in some of them required, to take part in the entertainment at different meetings. And it is no small consideration in this day, that men and women are associated, and that the latter have equal place and voice.

And whatever grand and moving reform shall come up in the future, we have not now, certainly, such an eloquent, all-embracing theme as we had when the lecture course was in its renown; for the grand and immanent thought of man's right to himself—his body and soul—was then uppermost; and I know in my old home, in Western New York, those who brought this before their audiences either as the main topic, or in frequent connection and illustration, were the ones delighted in for a good many years,—they brought down the heartiest applause and were sure to be on the list for the next season. Then, again, men like variety and change; society is fluent, and in every department of human energy *forms* are changing, and men are trying to improve their institutions and to make them attractive by diversity in modes.

C. A. F. S.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 20, '81.

THE BIBLE IN THE INFANT CLASS.

DEAR UNITY:—Some time since there was an attempt to introduce "Corner Stones of Character" into our Sunday Schools, but they were put down as "too secular." "*Our children must be taught Bible and made little Christians of,*" emphatically exclaimed one teacher, so we began at the beginning so as to lay a good foundation for biblical knowledge. Make the children conversant with Bible history, and give them a true and noble idea of their Heavenly Father, of Jesus Christ and the Christian religion. How well we shall succeed I know not, but last Sunday my little son returned and taught me the story of Adam and Eve, this wise. Of course he did not tell it *just* as his teacher told it to him, but he told it as she had *impressed* it on his young mind. "After God made the world he made an orchard, then he made a man and put him in the orchard, but the man was so lonesome that God felt sorry for him, and he made a lady and put her in the orchard to live with the man and be company. There were lots of apple trees in the orchard, but they were all poor, little, sour apples, but one tree, those were nice, big, sweet apples, and don't you think, mamma, God told the man and the lady that they must n't touch one of those nice apples?" And

there was genuine pity in the little one's face and voice as he said this. He fully realized how very tyrannical and cruel the mandate was. "And so they had to keep eating little, sour apples, and all the time wanting the nice, big, sweet ones, and by and by they forgot what God had said, and they did eat a sweet apple, and then God came and chased them out of the orchard and never let them live there again." This was said in a sort of defiant tone that hurt me to have my boy feel. "After God turned them out in the big world all alone, they began to get tired of nobody but themselves, and so he made some babies and sent them, and he kept on that way until the world was full of people, and the people didn't mind him when he told them to do things, and were very naughty, and God got mad and said he'd drown them all but one family, and so he did. He made it rain, and rain, and rain until they were all drowned dead. Then, when they were all dead, he was sorry he'd drowned them, and said he'd never do it again, and so that he'd be sure and remember not to, he put a rainbow in the sky. This was all she had time to tell us to-day."

Now, dear UNTRY, what do you think of that for a liberal, cultured, Unitarian Sunday School? Isn't it first-class old school Calvinism too rank for the Calvinist of to-day to teach? So far as I am concerned I seriously object to my children imbibing any such idea of God as that. I do not think that this is at all an isolated case, nor do I think such teaching peculiar to our far west longitude. If we allow young men and women who have not read deeply, and thought deeply, to undertake to handle such subjects, such crude teachings must occur. I suspect that on an average not more than one-fourth of our Sunday School teachers go to Sunday School with any previous preparation, especially where they have Sunday-School-made-easy lesson papers with questions and answers affixed. It really is a serious matter and one that needs looking into. I do want my children taught about the Bible. I do want them taught very many of the precepts in the the Bible. But I don't want them taught any such idea of God as my boy imbibed from that lesson; a Heavenly Father as imperfect as parents who are carried into our criminal courts for their cruelty and condemned to punishment by the imperfect laws of man; a Heavenly Father whom that child must feel is immeasurably below his earthly father in parental attributes, in wisdom, in love, in self-control, in mercy, in justice; and who acts on impulse and blind passion, doing cruel, rash things, and then repenting.

Ought a Sunday School to exist without a teachers' meeting? Should not every teacher be made to feel that attending teachers' meeting is an imperative duty? Should not the Sunday School superintendent try to ascertain what manner of teachers there are in the Sunday School, and what manner of lessons they teach? The Sunday School is really THE important part of the church; it is its life germ and should be fostered with more care than the Church itself, or given up.

Yours with an anxious heart for the Sunday School,
Sunset, Feb. 21, 1881.

MATER.

The first distemper of learning is when men study words and not matter.—*Bacon.*

Notes from the Field.

CINCINNATI.—Bro. Wendte and his Society are now lifting on what we think is the last considerable debt that overhangs a Western Unitarian Society. \$6,000 out of the \$12,000 is lifted.

NEWPORT, R. I., has a Grace Darling. The *Index* says that Miss Ida Lewis, of the Lime Rock Light, has recently added two more lives to her list, making in all 17 which she has saved from drowning.

OMAHA.—The *Bee* contains a discourse by Bro. Copeland on Zoroaster and his central thought, which he also thinks is the central truth of religion—viz:—"That every man can be a co-worker with God, and that every thought, word and act assists or retards the final triumph of God as it is virtuous or vicious, pure or impure."

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The Congregationalist Church, to which Prest. Woolsey and much of the brains of Yale College belongs, has expurgated the everlasting punishment clause from its creed. This is hopeful. Universalists may now worship God in good company while in this world, whatever may be their fate in the next.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—The *Literary World* says that Carlyle signified his intention to bequeath his private library to Harvard college. If this was done we ought to forgive him for the many hard things he said of us; indeed, is it not well to confess with Walt Whitman that he probably "never thought or said half as bad words about us as we deserve."

LAWRENCE, KAN.—The American Unitarian Association at their last meeting voted to appropriate \$800 to start again the mission at this place, with Bro. Howland, of Kalamazoo, Mich., as its leader. We have waited long and patiently for this vote and hope that nothing will prevent his entering the 1st of April upon, what we have staked our reputation as a prophet in calling, a field of great usefulness.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—A correspondent at this place has been listening to Dr. Thomas' lectures on "Social Forces" and "Doubt." The former he calls very good, suspecting it to be a combination of "several good sermons." The latter as being unsatisfactory, 1st, in attributing doubt to the head only, as though the heart never rebelled from hideous doctrines. 2d, his unsatisfactory ambiguity concerning eternal punishment. He thinks that though one is unprepared to affirm the universal hope, yet in the name of the humanities he must deny the universal despair.

BUTTER MAKING.—The champion butter maker of the world lives near Baraboo, Wis., a young lady not twenty years old. At a recent meeting of the Dairymen's Association of the North-west, held at Janesville, Wis., she read a paper describing the process by which the butter was made which took the sweepstake's premium at the International Dairy Fair. The conclusion of the whole matter seemed to be "*cleanliness and an untainted atmosphere.*"—Now dear children—, but we leave the Sunday School address to be given from the above text to others.

CHAINNEY SETTLED.—We learn that George Chainey has finally found lodgment in Boston, where he is engaged

to speak in the Paine Memorial Hall. His lectures are free and to be published weekly. We have no doubt but what Mr. Chainey will be treated with more just courtesy by the clergy of Boston than he has recently shown to this class. The lecture that he has been peddling upon "The Clergy" this winter abounds in much unscientific rhetoric promulgated in the name of science, unscientific because unjust and untrue. We still wait for the saner word which we believe Bro. Chainey will yet discover. Meanwhile, Bro. C., of all the graces the one most becoming to an agnostic is the grace of modesty.

WISCONSIN.—Rev. S. B. Loomis, of Lone Rock, has been engaged to supply the Church of All Souls, Janesville, for six months. Mr. Loomis has been known and felt as a vigorous and independent advocate of practical piety and common sense religion for many years throughout S. W. Wisconsin. UNITY welcomes him into this nearer fellowship, and we rejoice that our mantle has fallen on so manly a pair of shoulders.

—On the 22d inst. the farmers of Turtle came in large numbers to the Town Hall, hoping to find out the "Cost of An Idea," and on the 23d the citizens of Beloit filled the Baptist church to hear of "George Eliot and her Writings."

—We spent a Sunday recently at Madison, where we found the work in that interesting crisis where it must grow larger in order to escape growing smaller. A church building is imperatively needed and steps are being taken to realize the need.

—The Universalist Society at Racine are having a course of lectures for the benefit of the mind and the accumulation of money. Dr. Rider gave them "The Fellowship of Head, Hand and Heart." Ye Editor, "George Eliot and her Writings," Mr. Simmons, of Madison, is to give them—he would n't tell what.

—W. C. Wright keeps up his fortnightly services at Wyoming.

THE BEN-ADHEMITE ERA—is the suggestive title of one of A. W. Tourgee's lyceum lectures. Our Quaker cotemporary, *The Journal*, calls it a great treat and sums it up in the following:

"This is an age of great humanity. It is the fruitage of the blossoms of past ages, yet, with every turn, newer and greater possibilities are opened up."

We are almost willing to forgive him now for giving so bad a title as a "Fool's Errand" to so good a book. It is a wise man's errand and a holy mission that this book describes and we regret that the author yielded to the American temptation to flippancy in the name.

ALTON, ILL.—Brother Fisher recently summoned his people to The Judgment Day that is just now. He said:

"We meet God constantly, not only as we see what is wrought in the universe independently of ourselves, but more especially as we experience the effects, which by his established law follow causes that we ourselves have put in motion. So, therefore, we meet him as a friend or as an opposer, just according to the frame of mind and the quality of purpose with which we are. * * Here, already, we see retribution following swiftly in the footsteps of sin. Here, already, do we find that the way, the way itself, of the transgressor is hard. Here, already, do we find that men of true virtue "walk with God," and need no assurance of brilliant crowns to be worn in the long ages hence, in order to keep them diligent and true."

CHICAGO.—The hideousness of debt is fully felt by the Chicago University, which groans under a mortgage of \$180,000, and the President of the Board of Trustees thinks, that the Insurance Company that holds the mortgage will have to take the property and run the institution under the name of "The Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Maine's University of Chicago."—W. H. Wells, Esq., of this city, is a collector of English Grammars. He has already found, according to GOOD LITERATURE, over 900 different works, and is searching for the 300 others necessary to make his collection complete. These books are kept in the Holland Block. UNITY has moved its printing office several blocks nearer to this grammatical depository, and we have some hopes that it may affect us favorably.

—Rev. E. P. Goodwin has recently been taking statistics of church attendance in this city. The 39 churches counted, representing 33,600 sittings, had an average attendance on two Sundays of 12,866.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.—J. H. Clifford of Andover, Mass., began last Sunday a month's love-making with the Unitarian society of this place. There seems to be strong indications that at the end of the month "Barkis" will be found "willin'!" We will be glad to add Mr. Clifford to our Western team, a vigorous mind, coupled with a devout spirit qualifies him for the difficult task of religionizing the free thought of a western town. 'Tis pleasant to know also that the few friends here are groping in the way which we hope many will yet go. Since the beginning of the year they have met regularly in their church on Sunday mornings, joined in singing hymns, yielded their souls to the devotions of Theodore Parker as found in his volume of printed prayers, and listened to the reading by one of their number of the MSS. sermons of a former pastor.

MICHIGAN.—Five new Unitarian churches are promised in this state this year with fair hopes of realizing them all, Ann Arbor, E. Saginaw, Charlotte, Grand Haven and Manistee. The \$10,000 to be raised for the Ann Arbor building fund lacks but \$1,000 of completion. \$5,000 has been secured from Boston and vicinity, \$1,000 from New York, \$1,000 from Detroit, \$2,000 from Chicago, the remaining \$1,000 it is confidently hoped will be raised in the West, between Cleveland and St. Louis. At East Saginaw we hear that the opera house is too small to contain Mr. Conner's evening audiences that gather to hear his sermons on ethnic religions and a church building becomes a necessity. At Charlotte and Grand Haven the building, if realized, will be the result of long as well as hard work. Manistee is a new field, and if a church comes it will come in the happiest and easiest way possible, the product of the first enthusiasm, the realization of the first hope.

QUINCY, ILL.—Bro. Blake, in a recent communication to a local paper, insists that he at least stands in a free pulpit, which he defines as "the right to exchange with the representative of any faith" with the assurance that his "people will listen hospitably because it is both noble and safe to hear all sides." We also are sorry for those who have never stood in such a desk, for "they have

yet to learn the last glory and sweetness possible to the the teacher's office."

Announcing a course of eight lectures on the Bible, Mr. Blake invites "all persons to attend and listen who may be interested in the subject in a thoughtful way. There are some persons who see nothing in the Bible but follies to scoff at. This temper will find no comfort in my lectures; I believe it to be simply unlettered and unappreciative. On the other hand, I am equally far from sympathy with the ecclesiastical disposition which regards the Bible as the exponent, foundation and authority of a theological system. Both those who deride it and those who bow down to it possibly may hear some things to their advantage if they will come to listen with open minds. But especially to those who have no preconceived opinions which they are determined to maintain, but who wish sincerely to know the critical facts and to judge therefrom, I address myself. If there be even a very few of these in the community, I shall be glad to take every pains to show them the truths on which both reverence and freedom are founded. To these I say that I am able to do this, not by virtue of exceptional capacity, but by reason of exceptional position. For the Unitarian church has no "creed" or "standards" of any kind. Beyond agreement in the use of the Great and Holy Name, and in reprobation of the sacrificial theology, there is absolutely nothing that can be called Unitarianism except the love of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion. Therefore I can show the facts of the Bible as they are, or as I think them to be, without thinking, knowing or caring whether they conform to certain "articles," "statements," "standards," or other limitations, or whether they are approved or disapproved by "councils," "conferences," "Presbyteries," "Synods," or other ecclesiastical bodies. I believe this liberty to be a great advantage, not only in teaching the truth but in seeing it."

—The Wisconsin Humane Society in its Annual Report gives the following as an epitome of its work:

CRUELTY TO HUMAN BEINGS.

Complaints lodged with Society.....	201
Cases investigated by superintendent.....	206
Persons cruelly used.....	245
Children comprised in above "persons".....	207
Persons rescued from abuse.....	195
Children rescued.....	167
Parents or guardians reprimanded or cautioned.....	106
Complaints found to be without foundation.....	41
Persons arrested.....	23
Persons convicted.....	22
Prosecutions discontinued.....	1
Children provided for in other families by society.....	14
Persons sent to County Insane Asylum.....	5
Persons sent to Poor Farm.....	1
Children sent to County Hospital.....	2
Children sent to St. Mary's Hospital.....	1
Children committed to St. Francis School.....	3
Children committed to Reform School for Boys.....	2
Children committed to House of Good Shepherd.....	3
Children committed to Industrial School for Girls.....	9
Young girls rescued from a life of shame.....	6
"Fallen" girls returned to their parents.....	1

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Number of cases personally investigated.....	386
Horses or mules cruelly beaten.....	79
Cattle cruelly beaten.....	11
Horses abandoned by owners to starve.....	6
Cattle cruelly driven.....	5
Horses worked in badly crippled or sick condition.....	31
Horses underfed.....	13
Horses exposed to storms.....	2
Horses badly overloaded.....	109
Horses overdriven.....	2
Badly galled horses worked.....	14
Horses improperly harnessed.....	2
Horses insufficiently shod.....	17
Small animals wantonly tortured.....	7
Cattle exposed to storms.....	16
Cows left a long time unmilked.....	79
Calves found in starving condition.....	91
Cattle starved.....	11
Cattle cruelly maimed.....	1
Song birds killed by boys.....	3

These cases have been dealt with as follows:

Complaints found to be without foundation.....	42
Owners cautioned.....	252

Drivers compelled to unload.....	12
Teams doubled up.....	19
Horses relieved from work	59
Horses killed.....	19
Wounded cattle killed.....	2
Horses required to be shod.....	17
Persons arrested.....	17
Cases discontinued.....	1
Persons reprimanded by court.....	3
Persons convicted and fined.....	12

It is worth while to send to Rev. G. E. Gordon the Pres. of the Soc. for the circular from which we make the above clipping so as to learn in detail some of the methods and of the need of the work.

The Unity Club.

DIRECTORY.

The following is a partial list of the Clubs that have claimed fellowship in this, our larger UNITY CLUB. We desire to make the list as complete as possible, and our readers are requested to send us the necessary information. We hope the several Secretaries will exchange programmes and such other courtesies as may lead to a better acquaintance and possibly, in the future, to some very helpful co-operation and mutual studies.

NAMES.	LOCALITY	DATE OF ORGANIZATION.	SECRETARY.
The Eclectic Club.....	Quincy, Ill.....	Feb. 1872.....	_____
Mutual Imp. Club.....	Janesville, Wis.....	Oct. 1874.....	Miss R. A. Hatherall.
The Unity Club.....	Cincinnati, O.....	Feb. 1876.....	Miss Belle Fithian.
The Unity Club.....	St. Paul, Minn.....	Apr. 1877.....	Miss Emma L. Kelley
Young People's Club, Ann Arbor, M'h.	Oct. 1878.....	Miss Amy Orcutt.	
Ladies' Liberal Club, Lawrence, Kas.....	1878.....	Mrs. A. M. Allen.	
The Unity Club.....	Bloomington, Ill.....	Sept. 1880.....	Miss H. E. Dunn.
The Vesper Club.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Oct. 1880.....	Miss Kate R. Wood.
The Unity Club.....	Westboro, Mass.....	Oct. 1880.....	Miss M. F. Harding.
The Helpful Club.....	Northfield, Mass.....	Oct. 1880.....	H. C. Parsons.
The Unity Club.....	Des Moines, Ia.....	Nov. 1880.....	Mrs. L. A. Berry.
The Literary Club.....	Broadhead, Wis.....	Oct. 1880.....	Miss Ada M. Bowen.
Conversational Club, Crete, Neb.....	Apr. 1880.....	M. B. C. True.	
Roundabout Club.....	Melrose, Mass.....	Apr. 1872.....	Miss Anna M. Jones.
Um-Zoo-Ee Club.....	Rochester, N. Y.....	Jan. 1880.....	Hattie L. Richmond.
Literary Club.....	Darlington, Wis.....	Jan. 1879.....	James Bintliff.
Unity Club.....	Buffalo, N. Y.....	_____	_____
Literary & Soc'l Club, Hyde Park, Mass.....	Oct. 1880.....	_____	_____
The Cotem'ary Club, Madison, Wis.....	Jan. 1881.....	Miss Hattie Alden.	

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN FOR SIMPLER ARTISTIC BREAD AND MEAT.

There is nothing which is so impressive of the tremendous strides with which the West is getting ahead of the East, not only in material development, but in all the finer matters of taste and culture, as to read a list of the subjects your young peoples' clubs take up for their study and discussion. For instance, in a late number of the UNITY one of the courses I find laid down begins with "Twelve Great Pictures,—The Last Supper, The Last Judgment, The Transfiguration, etc., Paper 15 Minutes, Conversation 15 Minutes." I do not know whether this means that the whole twelve are to be studied in one evening, which would give just 2½ minutes to a great painting, or on twelve different evenings, which would allow thirty minutes to the disposing of each masterpiece; but in either case the facility with which your young people load art into their minds must be equalled only by the ease with which your elevators load grain into cars. Another course,—or is it another evening?—takes up twelve Great Painters in a paper of 30 minutes and a conversation of 30 minutes, it being found, I suppose, by some subtle arithmetic that it takes just twice as many minutes to dispose of a great painter as of a great picture. Another goes into the history of art from the earliest ages down, devoting, I presume, 30 minutes to a century, though the time here is not accurately mentioned.

Now I live in a New England city of ordinary Eastern intelligence, and have a set of young people of the

ordinary Yankee quickness who would like to do something for their mutual improvement; and we took up the department of UNITY devoted to this subject, hoping to get some hints from our Western brethren which would help us in the effort. But, alas, when we saw what you were up to, we laid down the record, pastor and people alike, in blank despair. Can't you have an A B C page in which you will give us some suggestions as to the way of conducting a club that is adapted to our ruder condition? My young people, almost without exception, have employments which occupy ten hours of their time steadily every day, six days in the week. Their toilets, shopping, meals, walks and the like occupy at least four or five hours more. Then, even here in New England, we have to sleep some; so you see they cannot get many hours in which to investigate the profundities of philosophy and science or climb the centuries of ancient art.

Then with thirty minutes to a masterpiece of painting, how do you at the West avoid making your young people superficial? Several years ago our higher boarding school education was based somewhat on that plan,—French, German, and Italian each in twelve lessons, Algebra in one quarter, Philosophy and the Sciences mixed in here and there with prayers and the piano. But somehow it did not work well,—was too much like the culture our typical Yankee traveler got who, while the engine was hauled up at Niagara to take in wood and water, borrowed the conductor's lantern "to run out and view the Falls."

I believe in the root idea of the clubs you describe, and when the young folks here meet together socially, would like to see a little æsthetic and literary improvement mixed in with their gossip and bread and butter. But instead of seeking it through the photographs of great pictures belonging to another age and to the inspiration of another form of religion, our need at the East is to learn more of the beauty of common things as we have it in Nature's own originals. Since the revival of interest in decorative art we have in this part of the country an immense amount of affectation and cant on the subject, and at the same time the grossest ignorance. I see ladies who talk learnedly on ceramics, Etruscan vases, and the Ghiberti gates, yet violate every principle of art in the fashion of their dresses and arrangement of their own hair, and who in the natural scenery right around them could not analyze one feature of its beauty. I am such a heretic that without despising the works of the grand old masters in the corridors of time, I want help first in getting the eyes of myself and my young people open to every day art and taste, the same as every day religion and heroism. Several years ago it became my duty, as pastor, to visit a lady of much refinement and taste, who all one winter was confined to her room by an incurable disease. Her window looked out on a garden containing a few trees, with a street, some straggling houses and a blank landscape beyond. Standing at this window one afternoon and glancing at the naked trees tossed by the wind and at the wintry aspect of things, I commiserated her on having only such a dismal picture day after day before her eyes. "Mr. K." said she, "I thought so once; but, since I have been sick here and unable to read

much, I have been studying the tracery of those bare limbs and twigs against the sky and their blending and harmony with all the rest of nature, and do you know I have found more art principles, more suggestions of the wonder, beauty and infinity of nature's form and color, and more real enjoyment of beauty through those four panes of glass than in all the art galleries I ever visited; and one reason I am sorry my life is so near its close is that I must leave off the study." Who will anoint the vision of our young people to see more of such pictures? Nature is hanging them up all around us cheaper even than photographs. To be able to tell, as they walk through the street, why one house or store or church is more beautiful than another; how among common articles of dress, ornament and furniture to select those which in any degree are artistic; what groupings of themselves and others in the house and on the street are picturesque; where the prettiest views and nooks in their daily walks are to be found, with the reason and principle of their beauty,—this is the humble art culture we lack the most. It is on a level with the time and opportunities that are possible for the mutual improvement clubs of our churches. And among the proficient who have passed on to the higher æsthetic wisdom are there not some who can turn back and give us some hints as to its elements, and as to the methods by which they can be taught to young people meeting once a week for culture, and the rest of the time earning their own bread?

K.

NOTE.—The above shows how much more alert the mind of "K" was at the time of writing this article than it was when he read "UNITY," else he would have discovered that the programmes criticised stood for a long season of solid work, on the part of a few that were willing to save their moments for this kind of study. And we think these few have their representatives in every parish were they encouraged and directed. This communication is also an illustration of that prolixity that can not say much of a picture in 15 minutes. A fortnight's preparation and a steady purpose to avoid all show-writing would have enabled the writer to spare much of our limited space and yet say it all. As to "superficiality" we think that comes more often from a cant of thoroughness than in a modest attempt at outline study. The "humble art culture" the brother calls for is not the beginning but the end of art study. It has taken centuries of France to give us a Millet, and he did not fully understand the fields and forests of Normandy until after he had been to the Louvre and feasted his eyes on Angelo's creations. The art galleries which the invalid had visited was the training that enabled her to see pictures through the "four panes of glass." "No school boy thinks he can write poetry just after reading Shakespeare," says Emerson. And we think that to discover the beauty in the Sistine Madonna is the best corrective to inartistic fashions. Our correspondent's desire "to mix literary improvement with gossip and bread and butter," and the trite plea of "no time," we will speak at another time.

EDITOR.

CLUB NOTES.

Our absence from the "Editorial Cricket" so much of the time during the last three issues has necessitated the omission of this department from our paper, but our Unity Clubs have been none the less active, and we are more than ever assured of the value of this department by the evidences that come to us from our workers. Our directory has already enabled at least one or two

clubs to improve their methods through the help of suggestions received by the interchange of programmes, and we trust that the new applicants for admission into our fraternity, which appear in the above list, will receive similar benefit.

The Ladies' Liberal Club of Lawrence, have a double programme for the winter. The first part is given to the study of the "Training of Children," with the following topics: Special Gifts, Aptitudes, or Talents; Quincy Method and the Elective Privilege in Colleges; Comparative Advantages of School Life, and the Outside Experience of Self-made Men; Early Training of Noted Literary Personages; Moral Training—in Truthfulness; Temperance; How to Deal with Ill Temper; Patience and Self-denial; Religious Training; Consideration of Others' Feelings. The last half of each session is given to the study of "Channing and the Unitarian Movement in America," following the UNITY lesson papers, which serves also as a preparation for the Sunday school.

The Darlington Club is working on a fully prepared programme in "Recent English Literature," topics, writers and dates all fixed from December to May. We are persuaded that with non-professional material the highest results are attained in this way. The following is a list of their authors: Henry W. Longfellow, Charles Dickens, William C. Bryant, J. Fenimore Cooper, Ralph W. Emerson, J. Russell Lowell, O. W. Holmes, J. L. Motley and George Bancroft, Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Alfred Tennyson, Bayard Taylor, J. G. Whittier; Humorists,—Baily, Shaw, Burdette, Locke and Clemens.

Where only those who have attained a certain mental and moral standard of culture are included, and there is no attempt to utilize youthful, untrained and hesitating material, the "Conversational" of Crete, Neb., has a better method, a circle without officers, without records, and without fees, the programme worked out as follows: "The names of members are arranged in alphabetical order, and a member, in order, is designated to read a paper; or present orally, a subject in literature, science or art. After the paper, or oral presentation of the topic, the members discuss, in a conversational manner, the topic presented; there being no other rule or order of discussion than such as pertain to good breeding. Among the topics already discussed, I may mention, uninvincibly, Architecture, American Literature, Conscience, Development of Language, Chinese Immigration, Christmas, etc."

"The Roundabout," of Melrose, Mass., is the most dignified club that has yet presented itself at our door for fellowship. The following account of it, sent us by a member, is variously suggestive: "Membership limited to seventy-five, and a long list of candidates for vacancies. A confidential committee considers applications, and these are never heard from if, upon inquiry, it is found there is likelihood of six black balls. In this way no offence is given to the nominating members. The meetings at the homes are most successful this year, because the number of public lectures is small—three. When they were six there were complimentary, season and admission tickets issued, and efforts made to circulate them.

The lectures were well attended. Club is several years old, and now open to all denominations, complimentary membership of Unitarian minister and wife being the only recognition of its origin. Its separation from the Unitarian church was an over-hospitable mistake."

The Cincinnati Unity Club, in advertising its course of Sunday lectures, claims this advantage for lectures over books:

"In books we get only matter, but the lecture gives us the matter and the man. Print can never vie with personality. The charm of personality, to all but a few of the public, is lost without the lecture. In this charm is included, first, the delight (which we maintain to be not silly, but honorable) of seeing great men worth the seeing; next, a magnetism of presence; thirdly, those helps which even genius, art and erudition cannot despise, to-wit: voice, gestures, pose, subtle modulation, and, above all, characteristic expression; finally, a certain gain of fresh apprehension of the man, whereby not only a single evening's entertainment, but other books and works may become luminous with new and clearer meaning. We carry away from the lecture infinitely more than the book can give us—namely, the man—and henceforth have corrected our faulty interpretation of what he might have meant by the assurance of what he must have meant."

"The Literary Society" of Broadhead, Wis., is composed wholly of amateurs; deploring the want of an experienced leader, but, encouraged by our UNITY, they have reduced their study in English history to a printed programme, calling for topical study, arranged for one evening with Bryant as an experiment in literature, and one evening for a paper on current news, the subjects assigned before hand to different writers, such as political, local, fashion, art, etc. "Each member must contribute a written article on the subject assigned, and hand it to the publishers not later than one week prior to date of exercise."

At a recent meeting of the "Bloomington Unity Club," we learn through our exchanges, that the "Irish Question," the death of Fernando Wood and Thomas Carlyle, were considered under the head of current events. The remainder of the evening was devoted to Kindergartening. Mrs. Effinger's paper on "Kindergartens in the United States" was printed in the local paper. Over one hundred persons were present at the meeting. The club is recognized as the leading organization of the kind in the city, and is, perhaps, the most successful ever organized in Bloomington at any time.

We learn from *Good Tidings* that the Unity Club of Buffalo waxes strong in the beautiful room provided for it in the new Unitarian church. Its membership is confined to members of the congregation. At a recent dramatic session Scott's poem of "Lochinvar" was uniquely interpreted by a series of tableaux-vivant. We have entered this club in our directory. If it will forward name and address of its Secretary, other clubs might write and receive valuable hints as to how to "go and do likewise."

The "Um Zoo Ee"—(Make-the-heart-happy) Band, of Rochester, N. Y., is one of the social tools in Mr. Mann's church. This also has a mixed programme: 1. Business. 2. Literary exercises. 3. Dancing. It also has a monthly

paper, *The Electric Light*. The dues and fines help pay for the music. We would like to hear of this band getting so much interested some evening in its literary exercises as to forget the dancing, or at least postpone it to a more convenient season.

The club at Hyde Park, Mass., is limited to unmarried Unitarians, because the line must be drawn somewhere. It sprang from the pastor's Bible class, and, it seems to us, has too much in hand in the way of sociables, entertainments and raising funds to do much satisfactory study work. One hour for literature, the rest for fun, hardly seems to us the best way. We would like the experience of others.

How best to study Shakespeare in a Unity Club? We want to publish in our next number the experience of club workers in dealing with this master theme of literature. Suggestions and reports of experiments, successful or otherwise, are solicited.

The Des Moines Unity Club commemorated Washington's birthday, as all clubs ought to have done, in a fitting manner. Papers were read on Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Paine, interspersed with patriotic music.

The Unity Folio is the Westboro' Club's paper. The February number has put itself into type, and it has puffs, advertisements, theological articles, home-made poetry, etc., just like any other paper.

The M. I. C., of Janesville, after having completed its course of eighteen nights with Shakespeare, is going to close the season with seven or eight evenings on the poetry of George Eliot.

The St. Paul Unity Club is about to supplement their art course with some Shakespeare studies.

To club workers! This department of UNITY is yours. Send us your questions, difficulties, doubts and triumphs.

"GEORGE ELIOT."

From "Punch," in *Woman's Journal*.

Large woman soul, sure of unfading bays,
 It little boots o'er thy too early tomb
 To puff our little breaths of passing praise—
 Dead in the deepest of midwinter's gloom,
 Ere thine own autumn's mellow fruitage failed!
 We mourn a larger light, eclipsed too soon
 By the all-darkening Shadow; we who hailed
 Its rise, its rounding to the plenilune
 Of finished force and chastened grace, lament
 The passing of a power. Thou perchance
 Bearest it all unstained, as still unspent
 To spheres unclogged by earthly circumstance.
 So be it! Not among the tricky mimes
 Who glitter out a glowworm's hour and fade,
 Fame sets this large-orbed glory of our times,
 Who, whilst good store of lesser lights are laid
 In our King's sepulchre, makes royal ground
 Of that green northern graveyard's simplest mound.

EVERY ORATOR SHOULD HAVE A MILL HAND.—"John Bright's first attempt at public speaking was at a temperance meeting when quite a youth. He did not break down, but the speech was not a success. He had written it out first, and then learned it. He never tried that plan afterward. He used, instead, to send for a favorite old workman at the mill, and practice his speeches to him."
 —*The Friends' Journal*.

The Sunday School.

"UNITY" SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS,—SERIES VI.

Published by "Unity," Room 57, 75 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THEODORE PARKER,

AND THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY R. ANDREW GRIFFIN.

(The references are mainly to Frothingham's "Life of Parker," under the abbreviation "Life;" and to Parker's "Discourse of Religion," Putnam's edition, under the abbreviation "D. o. R.")

Lesson V.

BROODING.

Now let us see how the liberal movement of Parker's apostolate began.

1. Dr. Channing laid the foundation stone

by the confident assertion of the independence and authority of reason and conscience. Geo. Ripley, R. W. Emerson, W. H. Channing, J. Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, and other younger men caught his spirit. Henceforth, popular belief, established prejudices, expediency, and half-statement were not allowed to influence them. Everything, however sacred, revelation itself, must pass into the crucible of individual criticism. As Locke said, "He that takes away reason to make way for revelation puts out the light of both; and does much the same as if we should persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the light of an invisible star by a telescope."

2. The Builders.

They examined every stone of theology. One after another was rejected in its old form. Parker had drank deeply of the new and searching biblical criticism of the time. He concludes that the Old Testament will one day be dropped out from the church, and that the New will follow or be used with other books. He wishes Jesus had written His own books. The miracles are regarded as fabulous, and he queries, "Is not the resurrection also a myth?" *Life*, pp. 117, 118. By and by, he writes, "The Christ of tradition I shall preach down one of these days." *Life*, p. 118. In a word, he had reached at a leap, in his Christology, the idea of the unsophisticated humanity of Jesus!

Thus reason and conscience has depreciated everything. The Bible, the Church, Jesus himself, were no longer the sources of authority. The question was, what do I think true and right, not what did Jesus think, or the Bible teach, or the Church affirm.

3. Dilemma.

The question pressed, On what can religion rest? How can we be sure of the existence of God, of duty, of immortality if they have not been supernaturally revealed? Parker was pondering the question by the aid of the German philosophers, and their English expounder, Carlyle. Emerson had already reached shore.

4. The famous address of Emerson

before the Divinity students, Aug. 7, 1838, gave publicity to the latent thought. Grave and wise pastors went away profoundly dismayed, deeming it dangerous and

even atheistic, but Parker said it was "The noblest, the most inspiring strain I ever listened to."

5. The new philosophy

was called Transcendentalism, and was in substance this: that man discerns such truths as God and immortality, as he does his own existence, by the look inward, rather than the look outward,—by intuition. That they do not flow from the past, like a river, but spring up in us like water in a well. So if the books, the churches and the prophets of the past were forgotten, fundamental religious truths would be unaffected.

Parker gradually found himself alienated in thought from the general belief of the denomination. He felt sure of his position. He had read everything bearing on matters under discussion; his mind was made up; the cry of Channing was in his ears, about the supremacy of reason and conscience.

Unlike Channing, he was not content to state the truth and leave it to make its own way gradually to the ears qualified to hear. The spirit of the prophets was in him which said, "Hear, O ye deaf!" He was a man of the people with academic training; a Roundhead fostered by Cavaliers; the tell-tale of the philosophers; he valued what he knew only as he could proclaim it to the multitude. He aimed at immediate results forced on by the vehemence of personal effort. The people seemed to be hungering for the New Gospel. The air was full of controversy and experiment; great and small, learned and unlearned, were discussing the things he had thought out.

Half a mile off was the famous Brook Farm, with its noble and earnest philosophical leader, impatient of the slow progress of society, seeking to realize one oasis in the desert where human beings should live free from the evils of church or state as they exist.

6. Away at Groton

there was to be a significant gathering. People of all sorts, who had outgrown their sectarian beliefs and severed their relations with their respective churches, met to discuss theology and religion. It was the era of the meeting mania. There was nothing too esoteric or technical to escape discussion in a miscellaneous assembly. The cry of the people was the exclamation of the Psalmist, "I am wiser than my teachers." It was a sort of local ecumenical council, (ecumenical in the sense of all sorts of people rather than of all people.) Mr. Parker decided to walk with a few friends and hear the discussions. It was about 30 miles. They called at Mr. Emerson's, at Concord, and refreshed themselves. The meeting was of great interest. The people were sensible, talkative, thoughtful, uneducated. Mr. Parker was surprised to find how far their conclusions agreed with his own on many important subjects. They were intensely anti-ecclesiastical; they reasoned that all houses where good people lived were God's houses,—all well-spent days Lord's days,—all meals eaten with a right heart, Lord's suppers. The Bible was declared to be "A Scripture of the word, not the Word itself." Any one was qualified to baptize or administer the Lord's supper, who was devout. What do you think of all this? Are they not half-statements?

Could we not by a parity of expression say,—all houses where the sick are cared for are hospitals, all healers are doctors, all helpful food is medicine. Still we need the medical profession and medical institutions.

Cannot we have churches, rites, the clergy, Sunday, devotional books, or books for worship, without superstition? Cannot we have Episcopalian-like order, and liberal truthfulness?

Mr. Parker not only listened with appreciative attention; he also took part in the speaking, and went home to join in a call for a similar meeting.

7. The Boston Convention.

Its themes of discussion were the same in the main as those of the Groton assembly. Almost every one regretted that Mr. Parker identified himself with it. It was alien to the temper of the denomination, and was thought to open the flood-gates to every form of irresponsible and wanton radicalism. Dr. Channing's opinion, *Life*, p. 133. But Parker believed in the capacity of the people and the ripeness of the time for the publication of the new thought. We may call it the initial act of his apostolate.

Themes for Conversation.

1. *Unsophisticated Humanity*; That is, that Jesus was in all respects a man,—capable of living now, as any great saint or sage does. This does not preclude belief in the special degree of his illumination and his providential position as the founder of Christianity.

2. *Meeting Mania*. Is there not a danger of exhausting as well as stimulating reforms by meetings? People think they are doing a good deal for "the cause," if they have a number of mass meetings,—but these may be like church-going,—good, if a means of grace; bad, if treated as an end. Meeting-going of all kinds may be merely a method of self-indulgence. Talk and do,—do and talk,—but don't merely talk.

3. *Truth Elicited by Discussion*. Is this the best way? Dr. R. Williams says, "You pronounce as an axiom that truth is best elicited by the conflict of opposing opinions, whereas I hold that the truths which concern us most, are brought home to us by influences of an affectionate, social, or spiritual kind." Discussions tend to waken the combative spirit unduly, so that those who begin as champions of conviction end in being wrestlers for victory.

4. *Institutionalism*. If institutions tend to individual bondage, does not individualism tend to social disintegration?

THE COMING AMERICAN.—"When the Hecate's caldron of American life, now boiling and seething with its diversities of race, color, language, education, social antecedents and religion, shall settle down and crystallize into its final result, the outcome will be a vigorous individual and progressive type of manhood and womanhood worthy of the high mission to which the Divine Providence has called it."—C. W. Wendte, in *Cincinnati Commercial*.

HEINRICH HEINE.—"He was Jewish by race, German by nationality, French by preference, Christian by policy. He became a 'convert' from Judaism in 1825, because as he said, 'a certificate of baptism is a card of admission to European culture.'" He pitied Shakespeare as follows: "My spirit sinks within me when I reflect that he, (Shakespeare) after all, was an Englishman, and belonged to the most repulsive set of people that God in His anger ever created. What a repulsive people! What an unexhilarating country! How starched, how commonplace, how selfish, how English! A country which the ocean had long ago gulped down if it had not been afraid of being horribly sick at the stomach. A people which in the end will certainly hang itself with a colossal ship's cable. And in such a country, among such a people, did William Shakespeare see the light in April, 1564."—*Literary World*.

The Study Table.

THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1881. pp. 181. \$1.00.

CULTURE AND RELIGION. By Principal J. C. Sharp. Standard series, No. 50. I. K. Funk & Co., N. Y. 1881. pph. 15 cts.

IS LIFE FOR PROBATION OR FOR EDUCATION? By Newton M. Mann. Rochester, N. Y. pph.

LITERARY NOTES.

A new poem by Edwin Arnold, "The Iliad of India," is in expectation; so is a life of "Sam" Houston, the noted Texan. Orientalism and Occidentalism will find in these books their peculiarities exhibited in their extravagance.—Peter Parley though dead yet speaketh. The fortieth annual edition of his Annual has been issued in England.—Ten cents will now buy Huxley's "Origin of Species" in the admirable Humboldt Library series.—The King of Portugal has translated Shakespeare's Richard III for publication. Richard is not a good model for a king.—Miss Abbey B. Francis is preparing a volume of letters of Lydia Maria Child.—*The Record* is the last Chicago venture in journalism, a very plain looking little monthly that promises to devote itself to "classical literature and historical criticism." The matter of the first number ranks higher than the workmanship. It is published by C. B. Waite & Co., and will be sold for 50 cts. per year. It is evidently the organ of Judge Waite, the author of "History of The Christian Religion to A. D. 200," the first edition of which was exhausted within a month from date of issue.—F. M. Holland, once an earnest worker in our Western fellowship, now a resident of Concord, Mass., has prepared a work on Browning's Sordello, which Putnam's Sons are to publish.—M. D. Conway for several years enjoyed a semi-weekly walk with Carlyle; the notes of these conversations are soon to be published in book form.—The Universalist publishing house is bringing out a new and cheaper edition of Dr. Chapin's works.—The life and writings of James Smithson, by Wm. J. Rees, is a book that will interest all those who know anything about the Smithsonian Institute.—Geiger's "Contributions to the History of the Development of the Human Race" is to be published in an English translation by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. soon. All progressive students will look for it eagerly.—No Shakespearian scholar will want to be without the new Harper edition of Prof. Dowden's Mind and Art of Shakespeare.—J. R. Osgood & Co. publish in September Geo. W. Cooke's book entitled "Ralph Waldo Emerson, his Life, Writings and Philosophy." Most of our readers know that Mr. Cooke has given to this book long and faithful study, and some high authorities who have examined the MSS. promise it a permanent place in Literature.—The *Literary World* for February 26 is a Longfellow number. It contains a full biography of his works, with much other matter that gives it a permanent value, and it should be preserved in the library of every lover of this singer of love and duty.

BRITISH THOUGHT AND THINKERS. By George S. Morris. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. 1880. pp. 388. \$1.75.

This volume of studies of the prominent thinkers of Great Britain,—the men who have given to English thought and literature its impetus and bias—comes at a most opportune moment, when in every city and hamlet throughout the land clubs have been or are being formed for its study. This volume will be found very helpful, and ought to go into the library of every such club. It is, as the author informs us, "introductory, rather than exhaustive—an invitation to reflective and systematic study, rather than a substitute for it." * * "The large biographical element in more than half the chapters will not be unwelcome to those who realize that a thinker's

life is one of the indispensable keys to the due appreciation of his thought." This is one of the books which should be read carefully and reflectively. The introductory chapter is devoted to the "General Philosophical Attitude of the English Mind." "In the British poets we find the best British philosophy," says our author, a statement in which every one who has studied the poets will most readily concur, but may surprise the many who look upon poets only as a set of dreamers. "What English moralist is equal to William Shakespeare?" asks our author, or what philosopher of nature has come so near the heart of nature as Wordsworth? Who has had a keener or more sympathetic insight into religious thought than Coleridge? or who has fathomed the dark questions of theodicy with a more rational faith than Tennyson? The table of contents gives one a hint of the riches in the book: "Mediæval Anticipations of the Modern English Mind,—John of Salisbury, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, William of Occam." "Englishmen of the Renaissance,—Edmund Spenser, Sir John Davies, Richard Hooker," "William Shakespeare—Poet-Philosopher," "Francis Bacon," "Thomas Hobbes," "John Locke," "George Berkeley," "David Hume," "Sir William Hamilton," "John Stuart Mill," "Herbert Spencer." In the brief sketch of each we catch glimpses of the intensity of men who really have a mission in life, who come freighted with a revelation to mankind. We see how the thinker and scholar leaves behind him the quickened spirit of thought and investigation to be taken up by a kindred soul in the next era, to be enlarged and developed and handed down to a future generation to carry on the work of progression and perfecting. The book leaves us as such books should—hungry for more.

S. C. LL. J.

A CENTURY OF DISHONOR. A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the Indian Tribes. By H. H. Harper & Bros., New York. pp. 457. \$1.50.

In the history of the human race there is no record of injustice and broken faith sadder or darker than the record of the dealings of the United States with the Indians. There have been a few men here and there, missionaries or travelers, to take the part of the wronged tribes, and at intervals there have been protests against the evil made in Congress, and futile attempts to rouse public sentiment for the redress of the wrongs. So far they have been almost in vain; and there is no public question about which public ignorance is so dense as about our Indian policy. For a century the tribes have been systematically cheated out of their lands and their money; have been forced into wars; and shot down like wild beasts in time of peace. All the evil that the greed and bad passions of the white men can do has been done to the Indians, with the sanction of the Government, or with its silent approval. The Indians have had no way to make their wrongs known; they have no common language with the whites; they are allowed in no courts; they are not *persons* before our law; they can submit, or they can fight. They have tried both ways, and both have been equally disastrous to them. The time has come when the ignorance that has permitted all this can no longer be excused; for the system that has pressed so hardly on the tribes has been fully exposed in all its hideousness and folly, in a book

called "A Century of Dishonor," by "H. H." With patient labor she has gathered from the mass of official records, and has put together, bit by bit, the stories of the Delawares, the Cheyennes, the Nez Percés, the Sioux, the Poncas, the Winnebagoes and the Cherokees; and these tell clearly the wickedness of the system by which all the other tribes have suffered equally. This is a blot, as dark as negro slavery, on our Government; and every good citizen should do his utmost to have it wiped out. H. H.'s book is written with deep feeling, and there is in it enough of story, romance and adventure to make it interesting, and of great benefit to intelligent boys and girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age, as well as to adults who care for justice and the honor of this nation.

D. A. G.

THE LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY BOOK. Arranged by Charlotte Fiske Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1881. pp. 398. \$1.00.

QUIET HOURS. A collection of poems; 2nd series. Roberts Bros., Boston. 1881. pp. 223. \$1.00.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Tennyson. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. 1881. pp. 112. 50 cts.

THE KING'S MISSIVE AND OTHER POEMS. By John G. Whittier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1881. pp. 100. \$1.00.

Here are four books of song, each exquisite in workmanship and precious in contents. The first is the birthday tribute of the publisher to the American Laureate on his seventy-fifth birthday, and it will gladden thousands of other birthdays. The quotations are all from the writings of Longfellow, a few illustrious names are introduced under the heading in the page of dates, but the blank spaces on which will gradually appear the names and autographs of one's friends is what will most help make this book a silent though eloquent companion and helper.

To those who know how much helpful poetry and spiritual food Mrs. Tileston has put into "Sunshine in the Soul," "Quiet Hours" and "Sursum Corda," it is enough to say that a second series of "Quiet Hours" is now offered them, to make them very glad. These four books, taken together, constitute, in our mind, the best modern anthology as well as the best helps to devout living for those who can no longer be helped by the formal phrases of an antique faith. This new series of "Quiet Hours" makes us wish for a pulpit once more, that we might enjoy the use of it as we have its predecessors as an aid to worship in the church service.

Tennyson and Whittier have added nothing to their fame in these last volumes, but have added much to the pleasure of those who will recognize on every page the familiar tones of dear old friends. The opening poem, which gives the title to Whittier's booklet, and the two dialect poems in Tennyson are the most striking.

THE LITTLE BUGLER (Illustrated.) G. I. Jones & Co., St. Louis. 75 cts.

If any one wants a pretty, touching, realistic story of the late war, for the young folks, don't forget this little narrative, told by the bugler boy himself.

One of our eastern ministers, who has an exquisite taste in literary matters, writes: "When the closing chapters came, my heart was quite melted, and I felt an affection for the poor fellow that had not sprung up in the middle of the book. The first part is a little feeble compared with the latter, but he has the benefit of tragical incidents as the narrative progresses. It was a sad, sad ending, and yet most sweetly and beautifully told. I shall have it put in our Sunday school library, and in the town library too, as one of the good books for young people, and for old, too, for that matter."

J. C. L.

The Exchange Table.

AND MYSELF!—"Ruskin says that only five men in modern times have a full sense of material beauty in inanimate nature, namely, 'Rousseau, Shelley, Bryon, Turner, and myself.'"—*The Literary News*.

HELP FOR THE NEEDY.—"No one enjoy the ball season equal to the dry goods dealers. It is on ball dresses they make their largest profits. The large dry goods dealers have prospered wonderfully during the past year, and have made more money than they know what to do with."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

BETTER THAN YARDS OF CRAPE.—"The best and most Christian way of keeping the dead in recollection is, to go on as best we can with their life work. If they were devoted to certain beneficent charities, or cared deeply for the cause of missions at home or abroad, let the sums the mourning would cost be given to those living, earnest uses."—*Friends' Intelligencer*.

A PRIMITIVE POST OFFICE.—In the Magellan Straits is an office which for old-fashioned simplicity challenges the world.

"It consists of a small cask, which is chained to the rock of the extreme cape in the straits, opposite Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to open the cask, and to take letters out and place others into it. The post-office is self-acting therefore; it is under the protection of the navies of all nations, and up to the present there is not one case to report in which any abuse of the privileges it affords has taken place."—*Christian Register*.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in an essay on "The Pulpit and the Pew," in the Feb. No. of the *North American Review*, tells a story of some clergyman in Woodstock, Conn., who, being very much shocked at the undignified expressions of a brother clergyman in the pulpit, called upon him with a remonstrance. He promised to reform, probably in perfect good faith, but nature will out, and in a prayer before the leave-taking he "hoped that they might so hitch their horses on earth that they should never kick in the stables of everlasting salvation."—*The Index*.

BRAVURA.—"There is a brave little woman, named Mrs. Oliver, who is pastor of a Brooklyn church, which she is trying to make financially a success by sticking closely to the faith principle, and avoiding all sorts of church entertainments as means for raising funds. She believes that the good Lord, if he wants the church to live, will send the gold and the silver needful, by the voluntary giving of the people, rather than by selling fifty cent tickets to a ten cent show, or calling a plate of chalky water and a drowned oyster a fit supper to satisfy a healthy appetite. She really believes that a church can live without grab-bags and neck-tie socials."—*Janesville Gazette*.

VALUE OF FALSE HAIR.—The flippant critics of the prevailing style of dressing the hair among ladies, may modify the severity of their judgment after reading the following justification of his wig, by an English barrister:

"Discard wigs! Why, we couldn't get on without them. I couldn't try a cause without my wig. I should feel as if I had no right to be in court; as if the judge would be justified in taking no notice of me; and as if the witnesses had me at their mercy, instead of me having them at mine. I shouldn't dare to cross-question a witness without my wig." "In other words," I said, "your wig gives you an authoritative position which enables you to bamboozle a witness." "Why, yes," he answered, smiling, "that's pretty much it, if you choose to put it so."—*March Atlantic*.

THE PEARL FAMINE.—Prof. Morse in his recent lecture in the Sunday course of the Cincinnati Unity Club, gives fresh illustrations of the antagonism between the utilitarian and æsthetic interest of life. We wonder how many ladies will petition for the destruction of bridges?

"The pearl fisheries of Scotland had been abandoned years ago. Since the construction of bridges few pearls could be found. This reason is given: When crossing fords the hoofs of horses would force small particles into the shells, and these would take up the pearly matter. The bridges did away with the fords, and a scarcity of pearls was a natural result."—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

RAILROAD MONOPOLY.—"Commodore Vanderbilt was thirty-five years old when the first locomotive was put into use in America. When he died, railroads had become the greatest force in modern industry, and Vanderbilt was the richest man of Europe or America, and the largest owner of railroads in the world. * * * * Our treatment of 'the railroad problem' will show the quality and calibre of our political sense. It will go far in foreshadowing the future lines of our social and political growth. It may indicate whether the American democracy, like all the democratic experiments which have preceded it, is to become extinct because the people had not wit enough or virtue enough to make the common good supreme."—*March Atlantic*.

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Announcements.

FINANCIAL.

Our present books are to be closed with March first, and the new publishers of UNITY take active charge of its business April 1st. It is very desirable that all accounts be settled promptly. Please remit to F. L. Roberts, business agent of UNITY.

EASTER SERVICES.

1. A new service arranged by Sam'l Longfellow, just published. Post paid, \$2.50 per hundred.
 2. One arranged by Brooke Herford. Published 1880.
 3. One arranged by J. Vila Blake. Published 1879.
 Nos. 2 and 3 sent post paid for \$2.00 per hundred.
 Address Western Unitarian S. S. Society, 75 Madison St., room 57, Chicago, Ill.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The Executive Committee have decided to hold the next annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference in the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis, May 3d to 5th. Parties having subjects or papers which they would like to present for discussion at that meeting, are requested to communicate the same before April 1st, to Jenk. Ll. Jones, Secretary, 75 Madison street, Chicago.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

In response to a request made by this society at the last annual meeting in Milwaukee, the officers of the Western Conference have yielded their second forenoon to the meeting of this society, and the programme for Thursday morning is in the hands of the Sunday School Society officers. At its last meeting, it was also agreed to try and secure the annual membership of every S. S. teacher in the West. Our friend Udell, of the St. Louis Mission Sunday School has suddenly recalled his good resolutions and last Sunday obtained fifteen members from his teaching corps. It is not yet too late to redeem the pledge. If the annual fee of \$1.00 is becoming monotonous, the payment of \$10.00 will secure a life membership. Send all membership fees to F. L. Roberts, Treasurer, 75 Madison street, Chicago.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

I have to acknowledge the following sums received since my last announcement in "UNITY" of Nov. 16, 1880:—

Nov. 22.	La Porte (assessed \$25) first payment.....	\$ 10 00
" "	" " second payment, Feb. 15.....	5 00
	Illinois Fraternity of Liberal Churches, special grant	25 00
Nov. 24.	Quincy (to complete assessment of \$65).....	42 00
Nov. 24.	Buffalo (assessed \$125) first payment.....	50 00
" 24.	St. Louis, Unity Church, whole assessment.....	80 00
Dec. 28.	Shelbyville (assessed \$10) from Rev. J. L. Douthit..	5 00

1881.

Jan. 5.	Cincinnati (assessed \$200) first payment.....	65 00
" "	" " second payment Feb. 28.....	55 00
" "	Janesville, whole amount.....	20 00
Jan. 19.	Ann Arbor, whole amount.....	25 00
" 25.	Indianapolis, add'l.....	50
Feb. 14.	Unity Church, Chicago, whole assessment.....	200 00
" 25.	St. Louis, Church of Messiah, (assessed \$280) first payment.....	100 00
	From Mrs. J. C. Hilton, Ass't Treasurer, collected from Western Women's Societies.....	95 00

I am still behind on payments which I ought to have been able to make Feb. 1, nearly \$400! I have received *nothing* yet from a considerable number of the churches. Brethren, it is not my work but yours. Every Unitarian in the West ought to contribute *something*. Send Cheques, P. O. Orders or (for contribution of \$1 and under) Postage Stamps to

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